THE CALLIOPEAN.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly."

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THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MRS. FELICIA D. HEMANS.

They grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

One 'midst the forest of the West,
By a dark stream is laid,
The Indian knows his place of rest,
Far in the cedar-shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep;
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where Southern pines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one, o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves by soft winds fann'd;
She faded 'midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who played
Beneath the same green tree;
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around one parent knee.

They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheer'd with song the hearth!
Alas for love! if thou wert all
And naught beyond, O, earth!

THE MOON'S NARRATIVE.

[By Willa B. Ellison.]

CHAPTER I.

GREECE AND ITALY.

While Sol, the glorious god of the day, was cooling his fevered brow in the depths of Oceanus, and resting from his labors on the inviting couch, which the sea-nymphs had prepared for him, his sister, Luna, the fair and gentle goddess of the night, appeared in her chariot, drawn by milk-white steeds, to take charge of the Heavens, and by the silver crescent on her brow, dispel the shades of Nox.

One summer night as her beams burst through my window, all seemed so balmy and quiet that I was tempted to go out and enjoy the serene beauty.

With a moss-covered stone for a pillow, I reclined on the soft, grassy shore of a beautiful lake, whose surface, in the moon-light, resembled burnished silver, while a gentle breeze stirred the leaves of the trees above my head.

Indeed it seemed such a time and place when the little elves and fairies were wont to assemble for their merry midsummer night gambols.

All at once the moon appeared above the lake, whose glassy surface reflected back her image, her rays spreading a soft halo of light around.

"Tell me what you see when riding across the Heavens," I said to her, as she seemed to be looking down on me.

"As I pursue my nightly course," she replied, "following the king of the day, I pass over many places and see many things, which I shall not attempt to tell you; but I will endeavor to give you a brief description of the various countries I pass night after night."

I was delighted, and assured her that she would find in me a willing listener, when she began:

"A few nights ago as I looked out of my chariot, I found myself just above the Caucasian Mountains, and swiftly passing the Black sea and the Hellespont, I neared the shores of Turkey.

"The domes, minarets and spires of Constantinople, overlooking the Golden Horn, now burst upon my view; but as I had passed over it so often I could exclaim: 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,' for as you enter it the the narrow, dirty streets and miserable houses proclaim it to be a city of much filth.

"A few splendid temples: among them the Mosque of St. Sophia, with its crescent and spires glittering in the sunlight, gives to the city that look of grandeur which the traveler first beholds.

"The old Byzantine Empire has fallen to decay, and the once glorious city of Constantinople is now the abode of Mohamedans and Turks.

"Leaving the 'key of the East' I passed Mount Athos and came to

'The isles of Greece, the isles of Greece,
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.'

"Next I came to the classic land of Greece, where every foot 'is haunted holy ground.'

The Bay of Salamis, sleeping so quietly in the moonlight, reminded me of the lines of the poet, which I cannot refrain from quoting:

'A king sat on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships by thousands lay below,
And men and nations—all were his,
He counted them at break of day,
And when the sun set, where were they?'

"I beheld the Plain of Marathon and the Pass of Thermopylæ, where in ages past, a handful of brave and patriotic Greeks, laconic, war-like Spartans, and the liberty-loving, light-hearted Athenians united their efforts to protect the struggling European Colony from the invasions of the tyranic Asiatic chieftains.

"Alas! the golden days of Greece are past: the days of Pericles, Socrates, Plato and Demosthanes, when Greek genius burst forth in all its glory.

"When Leonidas' sun set, never to rise again; when Miltiades and Lysander passed away, the military fame of Greece waned.

"While musing on the bygone days, my chariot paused above Athens,

'Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence.'

Where the Apostles of the Gentiles once stood on its famous court of justice, the Hill of Areopagus, and taught the Athenians about the 'Unknown God,' where the thunders of Demosthenes

'Shook the arsenal and fulmined over Greece.'

"The temple of Minerva, the most beautiful building in the world, still crowns the Acropolis, as in days of yore, standing alone, unawed, 'the glory of Greece and the shame of the rest of the world.'

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mrs. Hemans.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans was born in Duke street, Liverpool, September 25th, 1793, and she died on the evening of May 16th, 1835, and was buried in a vault under St. Anne's Church, Dublin.

While young she lived in a romantic old house by the sea-shore and in the very midst of the mountains and myths of Wales, the monotony of her young life being varied only by two visits to London, which she never revisited in after years. She may be said to have educated herself, for she never received regular instruction on but three studies. She read with avidity books of chronicle and romance, and every kind of poetry; and she studied Italian, Spanish, Portuguese and German sufficiently to be able to read them with ease and enjoyment. She was also fond of music and played on the harp and piano, her preference being for simple national and pathetic melodies, especially those of Wales and Spain. In 1808, when she was only fourteen, a quarto volume of the "Juvenile Poems" was published by subscription. These poems show considerable ability for one so young, but they were harshly criticised in the *Monthly Review*. Her sensitiveness is seen in the fact that she spent several days in tears over the criticisms she had received. Her strength is also shown in the fact that she soon returned to her task with redoubled energy.

Her next publication was an elaborate poem, entitled "England and Spain, or Valor and Patriotism." This poem was well received and even translated into Spanish. In 1812 appeared the second volume under the the title of "The Domestic Affections and Other Poems." In the same year she married Captain Hemans. Her married life seems not altogether fortunate. Captain Hemans went to Rome in 1818 and never returned. It was claimed that he went on account of his health, but it was mutually agreed that they should live apart for a while on account of their limited means. A correspondence was kept up for a little while and he was consulted concerning the interests of the children, but this soon ceased and they never met again. Left alone to care for her five little boys she commenced her literary work with great earnestness and unusual success She continued to reside with her mother at Bronwilfa, where numerous and influential friends clustered around her.

In 1819 she published "Tales and Historic Scenes in Verse," and secured a prize of £50 offered for the best poem on "The Meeting of Wallace and Bruce on the Banks of the Carron." She won another prize in 1821, for the best poem on the subject of "Dartmoor," and commeneed in the same year her piece entitled "The Vesper of Paalermo."

In 1825 Mrs. Hemans with her family, an unmarried sister and her mother, removed to Rhyllon, on the heights across the Clwyd river. The contrast between the new home and the old one suggested her "Dramatic Scenes between Bronwilfa and Rhyllon. This seems to have been the most pleasant time in her life. Her children were growing up in her home and her fame was at its height; not England alone, but America as well had acknowledged her genius. Her mother's death in 1827 was a great breaking-point in her life, and from that date she was an acknowledged invalid. Her last poem, "The Sabbath Sonnet," was dedicated to her brother on April 26th, and on May 16th following she died. She wrote extensively for one in her delicate health, and charged with the sole care of a family.

Personal Gossip, Literature, Music and Art.

Justin McCarthy has sailed for Ireland.

Mrs. Cleveland's rooms in the White House, are rose-tinted.

Queen Victoria is having electric lights introduced into Windsor Castle.

The Boston Handel and Haydn Society gave April 10th, Heller's "The Creation."

The nineticth anniversary of Emperor William's birth was eelebrated at Berlin, March 22d.

When Emperor William wants to shoot a deer he sits in his carriage and has the deer driven before it.

Queen Marguerita, of Italy, has an Indian birch bark canoe, in which she rides over the lakes in the palace gardens.

Mrs. Frances H. Burnett has been offered $2,000 for a sequel to her charming story of "Little Lord Fauntleroy."

Verdi, the great Italian composer, recently brought out his new opera "Othello" at Milan, Italy. It was a great success.

Mr. Daniel Manning and wife have sailed for England. They will remain in London a few weeks and then return to America.

Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's home, at Colorado Springs, remains just as she left it, even to the withered flowers in the vases on the parlor mantels.

The New York Oratorio Society, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, gave Liszt's "Christus" at the Metropolitan Opera House, March 3d.

M. D. Lesseps visited Berlin a week or two ago and was warmly received. It is supposed that his object was to get funds for the Panama Canal.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich, the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, has a trained dog to carry the rolls of manuscript of would-be contributors to the waste basket.

In one of ex-Empress Eugenie's letters, occurs this touching sentence: "I am left alone, the sole remnants of a shipwreck which proves how fragile and vain are the grandeurs of the world."

THE CALLIOPEAN.

ISSUED EVERY MONTH.

LUCIE ATWATER, - EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
LIDA M. CARR, - - LOCAL EDITOR.
WILLA B. ELLISON, BUSINESS MANAGER.

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DURHAM, N. C., APRIL, 1887.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We come before thee with fear and trembling, for we recognize thee as king in this glorious republic, and as in the days of good Queen Esther it is certain death to usher ourselves into thy presence uninvited, unless thou extend to us the golden scepter. This leniency we beg of thy majesty. We know thou holdest the balance of power in this enlightened land, and without thy sanction or endorsement we sink, ere we leave the port, to embark on our untried sea. Many a more gallant sea-worthy barque has launched forth from this same port, and sunk to rise no more while even in sight of land.

The first object of the CALLIOPEAN is the literary advancement and culture of each member of the Calliopean society of our school. The second object is to raise funds for the establishment of a library in our society. We propose to make it a monthly, filled with literary matter, extracts from our best writers, with a summary of our society proceedings. We shall also take pleasure in making known to the public what our business people of Durham are doing. We shall endeavor to also keep prominently before the minds of the people the superior school facilities of our town, especially the excellence of our own school. Our clearance papers we should see to first. Shall we set sail? or does our youth and inexperience render us unseaworthy? Is there room for us as a literary paper on our public main? The way seems clear. We fear no collision, but can we stand the storm? is the enquiry of each anxious heart among us. Give us thy endorsement and we will launch forth. We promise no great genius to thy literary bounty, but we seek to be self-entertaining. Should we soon wreck thou hast nothing at stake, nothing to lose, but should success attend us we shall claim a glorious victory to ourselves and our beloved Alma Mater, the "Methodist Female Seminary, of Durham, N. C.

WE are conceited enough to think that we look real well. Don't you think so? I'm sure we look a great deal better than we thought we would. You always thought so? You flatterer! We are talking about THE CALLIOPEAN, we are adopting the editorial *we;* and when we say "we" in these columns we mean THE CALLIOPEAN. THE CALLIOPEAN has started, no turning back now, once every month its visits will be made.

GRADED SCHOOL.

The election held on the 4th instant resulted in a victory for the school bill, and now our efficient neighbor, the graded school, will continue to be, as in the past, a hearty co-laborer with us in disseminating light and intelligence. We congratulate the town. We can't have too many schools. Some branches of industry may die because of too much opposition and competition, but the school-teacher is needed everywhere. His profession is not crowded, and his work is one of the noblest that can enlist the talents of any man or woman. The field is white to the harvest, and many reapers are needed.

MISUSED WORDS.

The *North Carolina Teacher* for March has a short article with the above title and we clip it and commend it to every member of our society. Let us all avoid the misuse of words. When we talk let us use good English, and show by our conversation that we are availing ourselves of the advantages offered to us.

"Acoustics" is always singular.

"Cut bias," and not "cut on the bias."

"Allow" should not be used for "admit."

"Come to see me," and not "come and see me."

"Bursted is not elegant and is rarely correct.

"Almost," with a negative, is ridiculous. "Almost nothing" is absurd.

"The burden of song" means the refrain or chorus, not its sense or meaning.

"Bountiful" applies to persons, not to things, and has not reference to quantity.

"Affable" only applies when speaking of the manner of superiors to inferiors.

"Methinks" is formed by the impersonal verb "think," meaning "seem," and the dative "me;" and is literally rendered, "It seems to me."

"Admire" should not be followed by the infinitive. Never say, as many do, "I should admire to go with you," etc. This error is singularly fashionable just now.

"Allude" is now frequently misused when a thing is named, spoken of or described. It should only be used when anything is hinted at in a playful or passing manner. "Allusion is the by-play of language."

Curious Items.

Bees are geometricians—their cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and least possible loss of interstices.

So also is the ant-lion—his funnel-shaped trap is exactly correct in its conformation, as if it had been made by the most skillful artist of our species, with the aid of the best instrument.

The mole is a meteorologist.

The bird called the nine-killer is an arithmetician; so also is the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds.

The men of the past had convictions, while we moderns have only opinions.—*Heinrich Heine.*

Prominent Characters in French and English History.

ALFRED THE GREAT—A SAXON KING.

Alfred the Great, one of the best of England's kings, was the youngest son of Ethelwolf and Osburgha.

His three brothers were kings of England in succession, and on the death of Ethelred, who fell in battle fighting against the Danes, Alfred became king of England.

His father was a weak and superstitious prince, and under his inefficent rule the piratical Danes gained a footing in England.

His mother was a wise and good woman who taught her son many useful lessons, and the seeds of that wisdom, humanity, integrity and truthfulness, which pervaded all his life, were no doubt planted in his heart in boyhood by his mother.

He had great difficulties in obtaining knowledge, one reason being the scarcity of books, and another that there were so few Saxons who knew anything about books or book-learning. So Alfred, when twelve years old, did not know how to read.

One day his mother showed him and his brothers a book of Saxon poetry, beautifully written and richly ornamented, and told them that she would give it to the one who should first learn to read it to her. Whereupon Alfred applied himself with so much ardor that in a short time he was able to read the book to the Queen who gave it to him for a reward.

From this time onward Alfred loved books and learning, and notwithstanding the many obstacles which obstructed his way, he became one of the most learned men of his time.

As in boyhood, so in manhood. As a good boy, so he made a wise and good man, as a kind boy he made a humane king, and as a studious boy so he became a learned man.

He was twenty-two years old when he succeeded his brother as king of England, and he had to fight for his throne, for the Danes had nearly overrun the country.

They were sea-rovers who came from Denmark, and in their little boats sailed about on the seas, landed on an unprotected coast and carried away all the booty they could find, and thus for many years kept the inhabitants of England in a constant state of alarm.

Alfred's little army was overpowered by them, who came in ever-increasing numbers, and to save his own life he was compelled to hide in his native swamps.

At one time he was in such imminent peril, that he assumed the disguise of a servant and hired himself to a swine-herd. One day the swine-herd's wife, not knowing he was king, told him to watch some cakes which were cooking on the fire, and Alfred, who was busy trimming his bows and arrows, quite forgot to turn them at the proper time. When the old woman came home and saw her cakes burning, she gave him a severe scolding, telling him that he was a lazy fellow, who, though he would not take the trouble to turn the cakes, was always ready to eat them.

But all this time Alfred was not idle, but busy contriving plans for the discomfiture of his enemies. He wished particularly to learn of the strength of the Danes, and so disguised as a minstrel he visited the Danish camp.

Here he amused the unsuspecting Danes with those old Saxon songs which his mother had taught him, when in boyhood he stood by her side and watched her fingers as they swept the chords of the harp.

The Danes, who supposed that the English were unable to muster up an army large enough to meet them, gave themselves up to feasting and riot, while Alfred was all that time making good use of his eyes and ears.

After awhile he managed to slip away, and putting himself at the head of his trusty followers, he attacked the enemy and gained a signal victory. He did not allow the ardor of his men to cool, but led them on to battle after battle until he had completely subdued his troublesome enemies.

He did not, however, kill the Danes or take them prisoners after a victory, which was commonly done in those times, but allowed them to settle in England on condition that they would become peaceful subjects.

Alfred now devoted his energies to the establishment of his kingdom and to the welfare of his people, who had suffered so much during the long wars. He set himself to work to redress their grievances, and rewarded those who had aided his cause.

He recognized the great importance of education and founded several schools of learning, among them the University of Oxford, which is now the most celebrated college in England.

He also improved the laws, and instituted the right of trial by jury. Before his time, slaves could hold no property, but under his rule they were permitted to dispose of what was given them and to own what they could earn in their free hours.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Great Thoughts From Great Authors.

Procrastination is the thief of time. —*Young.*

They also serve, who only stand and wait.—*Milton.*

The childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.—*Milton.*

Learned women are ridiculed because they put to shame unlearned men.—*Geo. Sand.*

A slovenly dress betokens a careless mind; or as in the case of Julius Cæsar, it may be attributed to cunning.—*Cervantes.*

Philanthropy, like charity, must begin at home. From this centre our sympathies may extend in an ever-extending circle.—*Lamb.*

You never think you can turn over an old falsehood without a terrible squirming and scattering of the horrid little population that dwells under it.—*Holmes.*

Most sarcasms bear as hard upon the speaker, as they do on him against whom they are spoken Abusive language always argues a mean, weak, and malevolent heart.—*Dr. Adam Clark.*

We often think we are of great importance to certain people; that they must be thinking of us and our affairs; that they watch our actions and shape their course accordingly. In general it is not so; we are quite mistaken.—*Jean Ingelow.*

The philosopher and lover of man have much harm to say of trade; but the historian will see that trade was the principle of liberty; that trade planted America and destroyed feudalism; that it makes peace and keeps peace.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

THE CALLIOPEAN.

DURHAM, N. C., APRIL, 1887.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Society Murmurings.

The society reporter during his short, but brilliant career, has met several kinds of girls:

A sad girl—Ella G.
A great big girl—Ellie Phant.
A warlike girl—Millie Tary.
A disagreeable girl—Annie Mosity.
A fighting girl—Hittie Magin.
A sweet girl—Carrie Mel.
A very pleasant girl—Jennie Rosity.
A geometrical girl—Polly Gon.
One of the best girls—Ella Gant.
A flower girl—Rhoda Dendron.
A musical girl—Sara Nade.
A profund girl—Mettie Physics.
A star girl—Meta Oric.
A clinging girl—Jessie Mine.
A muscular girl—Callie Sthenics.
A lively girl—Annie Mation.
The reigning girl—Cora Nation.
A show girl—Mattie Nay.

Just then the society reporter looked out of his office window and saw passing by on a dray:

A dangerous girl—Dinah Mite.

Then he thought it about time to pull down the blinds.

Anecdote About Ben. Franklin.

The origin of one of Franklin's most celebrated sayings has just been discovered.

One day his father sent him to collect a bill amounting to ninepence.

On the way home he met a boy much larger than himself, who being a great bully, proceeded to thrash him.

When his father saw his dirty face and bruised countenance he naturally asked the cause.

"I met Tom Jones down the road," answered Ben, "and he gave me a pounding."

"You didn't lose the money, did you?"

"No," said the embryo philosopher, "but I wouldn't be pounded that way again for nine pence twice over."

"Hoity-toity," exclaimed his father, "that will never do. Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Jessica.

A young man's sister Jessie went to Vassar College and he expressed a wish when she left home, that she would not acquire any of those airs for which the Vassar girls are noted. After she had been there about a year, the young man flattered himself that his sister was proof against such nonsense, when he received a letter from her, signed Jessica, instead of Jessie, as heretofore, whereupon he wrote to her as follows:

"Dear Sister Jessica:—Received your letter. Mamaica and papaica are quite well. Aunt Maryica and uncle Georgica have gone to the Santa Cruz mountains. Have bought a new horse. It is a beauty. It is named Maudica. All send love, etc.

You affectionate brother,
SAMICA."

The next letter was signed Jessie.

An American tourist was visiting Naples, and saw Vesuvius during an eruption.

"Have you anything like that in the New World?" was the question of an Italian spectator.

"No," replied Jonathan; "but I guess we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes."

The Two Painters.

[From the Prussian.]

Two painters, Zenxis and Parrhasius, agreed to paint each a picture to prove which was the best artist, and the people were to decide.

Zenxis painted bunches of grapes and hung them over a door, and the birds came and picked at them, thinking they were natural. The people highly commended this picture, and went to the house of Parrhasius and asked him to show his picture. He said to Zenxis: "Please pull the curtain away and let the people see what I have painted." Zenxis laid his hand upon it, but discovered that the curtain was a deception, and that it was a wall upon which the other had painted a curtain. Said Parrhasius: "You drew such a picture as to deceive the birds, but my performance has even deceived an artist." The people gave the praise to the latter.

The Devoted Brother On the Back Seat.

In the early days of Methodism in Scotland, a certain congregation, where there was but one rich man, desired to build a new chapel.

A church meeting was held.

The old rich Scotchman arose and said:

"Brethren, we dinna need a new chapel; I'll give five pounds for repairs."

Just then a bit of plaster falling from the ceiling hit him on the head.

Looking up and seeing how bad it was, he said:

"Brethren, it's worse than I thought; I'll make it fifty pounds."

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed a devoted brother on the back seat, "hit him again."

At a church in Scotland, where there was a popular call for a minister, as it is termed, two candidates offered to preach whose names were Adam and Low.

The latter preached in the morning, and took for his text, "*Adam*, where art thou?" He made a very excellent discourse and the congregation were much edified. In the afternoon, Mr. Adam preached upon these words, "*Lo*, here am I." The impromptu and the sermon gained him the appointment.

Proverbs From the Talmud.

Thy friend hath a friend, and thy friend's friend hath a friend; be discreet.

The world is saved by the breath of school children.

The soldiers fight and the kings are heroes.

If a word spoken in its time is worth a piece of money, silence in its time is worth two.

Mrs. Partington to a bric-a-brac hunter:

"No, ma'am, I don't think I care to sell the spinnin'-wheel. It belonged to Aunt Cinthy Bascom, and I'd like to keep it as a relish of the old lady."

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly,
Labor, all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy good deeds be a prayer to thy God."
—*Susan Coolidge.*

"I wouldn't be a fool if I were you," said Jones to a friend. "If you were me you wouldn't be a fool," was the reply.

"Needles" is the name of a town in California. It is a sharp little town, with one eye constantly open to its own interests. That's sew.

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THE CALLIOPEAN.

DURHAM, N. C., APRIL, 1887.

—Subscribe to THE CALLIOPEAN.

—April showers, a few of them.

—Quite a change in the weather.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Fuller left Tuesday for a trip North.

—Miss Mattie Faucett, one of our pupils, is on the sick list.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Carr left Tuesday for Philadelphia.

—Miss Lillian Day came home from school to spend Easter.

—Cheerfulness is the sweetmeat jar in the pantry of our nature.

—We return thanks to the friend who lent us the table in our office.

—Envy is the vinegar that tarnishes all the silver of our nature.

—Regret is the water with which we sprinkle the plants of our folly.

—Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Reed are in Philadelphia on a visit to Mrs. Reed's relations.

—Miss Annie Cain came up from Raleigh, where she is going to school, to spend Easter.

—Miss Amma Atwater has returned home. She has been absent visiting friends.

—Mr. Arthur Lyon came home from New Garden to spend the Easter holidays with his parents.

—Miss Maggie Lunsford gladdened the hearts of her many friends by returning to school Thursday.

—We regret to announce that Dr. R. W. Thomas is dead. We extend our sympathy to the bereaved family.

—We regret to learn that Miss Maude Harton is sick. We hope she will soon be able to return to school.

—Miss Janet Fuller, who spent Easter with her brother, Mr. W. W. Fuller, returned to Raleigh Wednesday.

—One kind of girl was omitted from our society reporter's list in another column: The best girl—your own.

—All of those who will subscribe to THE CALLIOPEAN, will please send in their names before the first of May.

—Miss M. E. Carter, who spent Easter with Dr. Laird, of Haw River, returned Monday, to the delight of her pupils.

—Miss Maggie Parrish, we are glad to state, has returned to school, after an absence several days caused by sickness.

—The Society returns sincere thanks to Mr. J. S. Carr for so kindly printing the first number of THE CALLIOPEAN.

—We will thankfully receive any contributions of books, or of mineral curiositics, etc., that may be presented to the Society.

—The candidates for Mayor and Aldermen are becoming numerous. We cannot vote, so we will not be embarrassed by the number.

—We are glad to see that the ladies of the Methodist church are having the damages done by the fire repaired, and the lot improved.

—The other papers in town have said a great deal about the "water works." This is a subject which THE CALLIOPEAN will let alone.

—"We don't say 'chestnut' now," said an M. F. girl to another recently, "we've got something a great deal better." "What is it?" "Locomotive." "Locomotive, why where does that come in?" "At the depot." "Oh! how bright you are."

—Miss Myra Alderman went to Greensboro to spend Easter with her parents, and we regret to state, was taken sick and has not been able to return.

—The Easter picnic, given by the young men of Durham at Shields' mill, was highly enjoyed by all present, as were also the other picnics given on that day.

—Some of the young men have organized a secret society for the improvement of their minds. Philomathian is the name. We wish the society great success.

—The following gentlemen have been elected honorary members of the Calliopean Literary Society: Messrs. E. J. Parrish, J. B. Walker, J. S. Lockhart, J. Ed. Lyon and J. S. Carr.

—We shall have a query column next month. Ask us all the questions you please. We do not promise to answer all of them, but will do the best we can. Address us as in Letter Box.

—Dr. Lafferty will lecture in Stokes Hall Friday night at 8 o'clock. Proceeds will be given to the new Methodist church at Chapel Hill, and Trinity church, Durham. Don't fail to hear him.

—Our canvassers will be around next week. We hope you will give them a kindly welcome, and subscribe to THE CALLIOPEAN. The price being so small, almost every one can afford to take it.

The Letter-Box.

Hereafter we shall have a letter-box, and we hope to make it one of the most interesting features of our paper. We want the boys and girls and grown people to write to it. Write about yourself, your friends, your schools, or on various topics that will interest the reader. We wish you to write under a *nom de plume*, but sign your real name also. Write in a plain hand, on one side of the paper, and number each page. Address, "Letter-Box of THE CALLIOPEAN," and send your letters in by the first of May.

Church Dedications.

Next Sunday will be a great day for the Methodists of Durham. Bishop Galloway will be here. He is one of the first pulpit orators of the land. Rev. Mr. Creasy on last Sunday, 17th, announced in substance the following programme for next Sunday, 24th:

Main street church, preaching and dedicatory services by Bishop Galloway, 11 a. m.

Carr church, same kind of services by Bishop Galloway, 3:30 p. m.

Trinity church, preaching by Bishop Galloway, 8 p. m.

Our Advertisers.

We call attention to the handsome advertisements that adorn our pages. We hope all our friends will trade with the ladies and gentlemen who advertise in THE CALLIOPEAN. They deserve to receive custom, for they have given us, just struggling into eixstence, not only their patronage but numberless good wishes, and we now try to pay them back by calling especial attention to their advertisements, and we give them our best wishes and hope their patronage of THE CALLIOPEAN may be the cause of filling their stores with customers. Mr. Perry, we are sorry to say, failed to prepare the copy for his advertisement, but we have given him the space he contracted for, and if it is not full of the names of good things his store is full of the good things themselves, which is better.

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MISS AGNES McCARTY,

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THIS SPACE IS PAID FOR BY S. R. PERRY.

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THE CALLIOPEAN.

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly,
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly."

PUBLISHED IN THE INTEREST OF THE CALLIOPEAN LITERARY SOCIETY OF THE METHODIST FEMALE SEMINARY.

Vol. I. DURHAM, N. C., MAY, 1887. No. 2.

THE MOON'S NARRATIVE.

[By Willa B. Ellison.]

CHAPTER I.

ITALY.

"But the age of Grecian sculpture and architecture, headed by the great Phidias, is past, and the immortal works which they have left challenge the admiration of the world. They have been handed down for other artists and sculptors to study and admire, but which their chisels have never been able to reproduce.

"Sighing a sad farewell to beautiful Greece, I pursued my journey over the Mediterranean, and coming up the Adriatic, soon reached the land of Galileo, Dante and Tasso.

"I paused above Venice, the Island City, where 'The song of Adria's gondolier' came sweetly over the waters.

"The Church of St. Mark, with its bronze horses and winged lion, and the Palace of the Doges tell of glories past, of the time when

"Monarchs gazed and envied in the hour,
When Venice was a Queen with unequall'd dower."

Her days of greatness are over and she sinks into the bosom of the mighty ocean from which she rose.

But "Venice if no stronger claims were thine
Were all thy proud heroic deeds forgot;
Thy choral memory of th' bard divine,
Thy love of Tasso, should have cut the knot,
Which ties thee to thy tyrants."

Crossing the snows of the Appennines and passing the vine-clad hills of Italia, I descended into the rich, alluvial plain, where groves of shrubbery and olive trees intertwined with grape vines, bearing large clusters of luscious fruit, met my eye.

I could not turn my chariot northward until I had looked in on Rome. From the time of its foundation until now, have I never failed to send down my rays, night after night, to illumine the darkness in the "Eternal City."

I have seen it in the dawn of its glory, in the broad noon-glare of its grandeur, and in the sunset of its fall, when it became a prey for the lawless hordes of the north. I saw it when it had reached its zenith in the days of Julius and Augustus Cæsar. In the reign of the brutal Nero, when the persecution of the Christians took place, many a poor heart did I cheer behind the prison bars, and many a weary captive welcomed with joy my rising beams, for they knew that I brought a message of love from the Father, and that the same God who permits the moon to give light to the inhabitants of the earth by night, would comfort and reward those who were dying in dungeons for his sake.

While in Rome I saw many people going to visit the ruins of the Coliseum by moonlight, and heard them as they talked "of the cruel gladitorial fights which took place in its arena.

Often and often images past, when the last rays of the setting sun had tinged the bloody sand, upon which they fought, a still deeper red, I peeped in to witness the close of a combat and to hear the groans of a dying gladiator.

When the life-blood was fast ebbing out, sometimes the signal for sparing life was given but too often, when dim eyes looked along the crowded seats for mercy, it was denied, for there was no pity in the hearts of those who shouted in savage glee when one of the combatants gained the mastery over his adversary, and then when the tables turned lauded the other.

Well did those captives fight, for they knew that a good fight might gain for them their freedom, and carry the dark-browed Dacian back to his wife and babes, who dwelt in the lonely hut, on the banks of the beautiful blue Danube.

But, Rome, thy grandeur has vanquished now; thou art no more the abode of the Cæsars; Cicero's fiery eloquence is now hushed within the walls of the Senate house, but lovely in thy ruins, thou art still the home of the writer, the artist and the sculptor, who find in thee inexhaustible themes for their pens, their brushes, and their chisels.

Leaving Rome I came to Naples, ancient Neapolis, which alone of all the cities in Italy, still retains its Greek origin.

Passing over the beautiful bay, I thought of the lines of Thomas Buchanan Read, written in remembrance of such a scene as that on which I looked:

"My soul to-day is far away,
Sailing the Vesuvius Bay;
My winged boat, a bird afloat,
Swims round the purple peaks remote.

Far, vague and dim, the mountains swim,
While on Vesuvius' misty brim,
With outstretched hands, the gray smoke stands
O'er looking the volcanic lands."

Looking at Vesuvius in the distance, the smoke slowly curling out of its crater, and the ruins of the disinterred cities, Pompeii and Herculaneum, I thought of the scene enacted there centuries ago, when one evening as the sun had hidden his face behind the western hills, the subterranean forces at work, burst through Vesuvius, and that active volcano sent forth a mighty deluge of ashes that completely buried the cities at its base.

Says Bulwer, "Nearly seventeen centuries had rolled away when the city of Pompeii was disinterred from its silent tomb, all vivid with undimmed hues; its walls fresh as if painted yesterday—not a hue faded on the rich mosaic of its floors—in its forum the half-finished columns as left by the workman's hands, in its gardens the sacrificial tripod, in its halls the chest of treasure, in its baths the strigil, in its theatres the counter of admission, in its saloons the furniture and the lamp, in its triclinia the fragments of the last feast, in its cubicula the perfumes and the rouge of faded beauty, and everywhere the bones and skeletons of those who once moved the springs of that minute yet gorgeous machine of luxury and of life."

Pursuing my journey, I soon beheld sleeping in the moonlight the Arno, on whose famous banks stands the city of Florence.

"Florence,
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine."

After the banishment of the family of Medicis, from Florence, by Charles VIII, of France, the Republic no more held her own.

Lorenzo de Medici, who turned his gardens into an academy and gave a splendid library to the city, by his patronage of men of letters, painters and sculptors, brought numbers of them to Florence, who filled its galleries with paintings, and its public gardens and squares with beautiful statuary.

Here Michel Angelo exhibited his grand and massive works, and here the genius of Dante shown forth, though now

"He lies afar
Like Scipio buried by the upbraiding war."

Here also "the starry Galileo with his woes," looked through his telescope at the heavenly bodies. But now the city of Angelo, of Dante, Petrarch, Galileo, and Marchiavelli "vainly begs her banished dead and weeps."

Bidding Florence adieu, I next saw the white houses of Genoa, stretching far out to the east and west, like a crescent, overlooking the gulf.

Years ago Genoa was the rival of proud Venice; her ships sailed on all the then known seas, and she waged war with the Sultans of Turkey and the Caliphs of Egypt.

She had reached the zenith of her glory, when Christopher Columbus was born there, about the year 1440.

Situated as the city is, favorable to commerce, Columbus early acquired a love of the sea.

Here his ideas about a route to the east by way of the west ripened into convictions, and he at last achieved a triumph that has never been surpassed in his native State.

Leaving Genoa, I came to Milan, and the first object which met my eye in this city of art was its marble cathedral.

To fully appreciate this noble structure one must see it for himself. As my beams shone upon it, how grand, gorgeous and beautiful it looked! How exactly proportioned, how exquisitely finished!

It is full of paintings from the old masters, from Raphael, Titian and others. Perhaps the oldest painting there, and one of the most celebrated works of art in existence, is Leonardo de Vinci's "Last Supper" in the refrectory of the Dominican Fathers.

Going northward I paused above Lake Como to admire this most beautiful and picturesque lake in all Italy. Its clear surface reflected back my image, and while I still lingered, a party of peasants came for a moonlight dance on its shores.

After looking awhile at the barefooted Italian girls keeping time to the sweet strains of the guitar, I bade beautiful Italia farewell.

And now I must tell you good-bye, for I see Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, wrapping the folds of her violet mantle around her, preparing to paint the tips of the mountains.

Personal Gossip, Literature, Music and Art.

George Bancroft, the venerable historian, is eighty-seven years old.

The memoirs of Franz Liszt are soon to be published under the title of "My Life."

The Queen of Roumania has written a new novel, "Astra." It is said to be a vigorous realistic study.

Mrs. Bayard Taylor and her daughter Lillian, have returned to Germany to reside there permanently.

George W. Cable, the author and lecturer, is a prohibitionist. Although a Southern man he resides in Massachusetts.

Alfred Tennyson has held the office of poet laureate for England for a longer period than any of his predecessors.

The Rev. Dr. Charles F. Deems has been invited to deliver this year's commencement address at the University of Georgia.

Longfellow's "Golden Legend" has been made the text of a cantata, by five composers, among them F. Liszt and Arthur Sullivan.

Robert Browning's new poem is from four to five thousand lines long, and is different from anything which he has hitherto produced.

Mendelsohn had a decided distaste to the French, and disliked French music, although he admitted "La Marseillaise" to be very fine.

The Cincinnati Art Museum, which has recently opened, has an endowment fund of $600,000, and its art works are valued at $150,000.

The Rev. J. H. Vincent, D. D., President of the Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, is in Europe. He will reach home in June.

The whole edition of Schumann's works has been brought out under the superintendence of the composer's widow, Madame Clara Schumann.

The first complete performance in America of Rubinstein's Oratorio "Paradise Lost," was given by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, March 12th.

Verdi, the Italian composer, was much moved over the Order of Merit which was sent to him by the Emperor William. He keeps this royal insignia in his glass case at Sant 'Agata.

The remains of Rossini are to be removed from the cemetery of Pere Lachaise, in Paris, to the church of Santa Croce, Florence, to be placed by the side of those of Angelo, Galileo and Alfieri.

Theodore Tilton is passing away the remainder of his life in Paris. He has a floor in the grand old mansion, once the home of the Duc de Nemours, a very ancient building back of the Notre Dame.

Of Tennyson's official poems, the "Jubilee Ode," which has recently been published, is the poorest. The world will always remember the Tennyson of "In Memoriam" and "Enoch Arden," but will soon forget the Tennyson of "The Jubilee Ode."

THE CALLIOPEAN.

ISSUED EVERY MONTH.

WILLA B. ELLISON, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.
LIZZIE F. BURCH, - LOCAL EDITOR.
LIDA M. CARR, - BUSINESS MANAGER.

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One Copy, Three Months, - 15 Cents.
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DURHAM, N. C., MAY, 1887.

Southern Literature.

We have just read the address of Maurice Thompson, delivered before Vanderbilt University, December 16, 1886, which is published in pamphlet form. It is a very able and interesting address, and the title is "Sunshine and Song, or Southern Literature." In it he narrates the development of Southern Literature from its beginning until the present time. The Southern people have always been noted for their hospitality and culture, and although the South produced statesmen and soldiers, she never directed her attention to literature, until recent times. Consequently there were not many Southern writers before the war—Lanier and Hayne, the most noted poets, and Simms, the novelist. But all of Hayne's best poems were written in the latter years of his life. Literature is one of the arts of peace, and the signs of Southern genius were just putting forth when war came on with its horrors, like a thunderbolt, shattering all our hopes. But the buds of Southern Literature, which appeared before the war, developed into full-grown blossoms afterward, and there arose many stirring singers, who commemorated in verse the heroic deeds of our soldiers. Among them, Father Ryan, that sweet singer of the South, whose poems speak to every Southern heart.

The poets stand by the side of the soldiers, who fought our battles, and the statesmen, who solved the intricacies of state; the names of Lanier, Hayne, Randall, Flash, Tickuor, Requier and Timrod are placed by those of Washington, Jefferson, Randolph, Lee and Jackson.

There is no reason why Southern Literature should not stand on a footing with that of her sister states; why Southern poets should not rank with Whittier, Longfellow, Holmes and Emerson, for, as Mr. Thompson says, "No star in all the galaxy is brighter than the star of the South. There is no country freer than the South, and there is no people more patriotic than the Southern people."

Here is one very beautiful poem, which is Southern from beginning to end, "which might apply to the Troubadours as well as the knights." It is called:

THE VIRGINIANS OF THE VALLEY.

The knightliest of the knightly race,
That, since the days of old,
Have kept the lamp of chivalry
Alight in hearts of gold.
The kindliest of the kindly band,
Who, rarely hating ease,
Yet rode with Spotswood round the land,
And Ralcigh round the seas;

Who climbed the blue Virginia hills
Against embattled foes,
And planted there, in valleys fair,
The lily and the rose;
Whose fragrance lives in many lands,
Whose beauty stars the earth,
And lights the hearths of happy homes
With lovelincss and worth.

We thought they slept, the sons who kept
The names of noble sires,
And slumbered while the darkness crept
Around their vigil fires;
But, aye, the "Golden Horse-shoe" knights
Their old Dominion keep,
Whose foes have found enchanted ground,
But not a knight asleep!

THE LETTER-BOX.

Rules for the Letter-Box:

1. Write in a plain hand, on one side of the paper, and number each page.
2. Address, "Letter-Box, CALLIOPEAN, Durham, N. C."

Likes the Paper.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I am anxious to become a member of what I hope will be a charming circle of Letter-Boxers. That is what I have so often wished for, a Letter-Box, to which the boys and girls can write. Of course it will be much more interesting when we have a large number, and can correspond. I like THE CALLIOPEAN very much, and I am sure that it will secure a good patronage. I will try and get some subscribers for you. If this escapes the waste-basket I will come again.

Sincerely yours,
"BRIGHT EYES."

We are glad that you like the paper, and appreciate your kindness in offering to get us some subscribers. Our "Bright-Eyed" girl must visit us again.

Calliope.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—I received the first number of THE CALLIOPEAN, and think it is just splendid. I like everything in it, but best of all the Letter-Box.

A sketch of Calliope, from whom the name of your paper and society is derived, might interest your readers.

She is a mythological character, the muse of epic poetry and heroic song. That the Greeks considered their gods like mortals in form, is shown by the statues which they have left us. In these the Grecian sculptors embodied great beauty and height of stature, and from the marble productions we obtain some idea of the muse Calliope. She is represented as a very beautiful woman, with a classical head, a wealth of dark hair which falls back in waves from her white forehead, clear beautiful eyes, and a mouth that Aphrodite might envy. It is said that when she sang all gloom vanquished, mists were dispelled, the trees nodded their branches in recognition, wild animals became gentle, and even inanimate nature moved with exultation. Apollo, the glorious god of music, was said to have loved this beautiful maiden. He taught her to play on the lyre, and was the leader of all the muses when they played before the mighty Zeus in the banquet-hall of Olympus. Calliope was frequently invoked by mortals who wished to obtain a draught from the inspiring Castalian spring, which gave to the musician his sweetest melodies, the poet his beautiful thoughts, and the orator his outbursts of eloquence.

But I fear my letter is growing too lengthy, and hope it will not find a resting place in the waste-basket.

Wishing you abundant success, I am, truly yours, "PYSCHE."

You have chosen a beautiful *nom-de-plume*. "Pysche" is a Greek word, meaning butterfly, which was the emblem of the soul in ancient art. I am sure our readers will like your sketch of our namesake. True she was only a beautiful conception, but it shows the imaginative powers of the Greek mind. As you seem to be versed in mythology, cannot you tell the beautiful myth of Eros and Psyche?

Cupid Makes Us a Visit.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—May I enter the sanctum? I will not stay a long while, only to tell you how pleased I am with THE CALLIOPEAN and Letter-Box. How nice it will be to correspond with each other when we all get acquainted. I wish you would give me a correspondent.

No, I thank you, I'd rather not see Mr Waste Basket, but as he is coming this way, I will say good-bye.
"CUPID."

Boys and girls, watch out. Here is Cupid, he will play sad havoc with your hearts. The little rogue has stolen ours already. I will give you Psyche for a correspondent. You will just suit each other. How, you will see by reading up on mythology.

The Study of Authors.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:—This is my first visit to the L. B. I am perfectly delighted with our paper and society. What a nice time we have at our society meetings. Splendid essays, vocal and instrumental music, but that from which we derive most pleasure and profit, I think, is the study of authors. I like to go over the list and name each author we have had, and note how much I now know about English Literature, which probably I would have never known had it not been for the profitable evenings spent in the C. L. S.

First on our roll is our greatest Southern poet, Paul H. Hanye. Then Washington Irving, followed by Mrs. Browning, Sir Walter Scott, Mrs. Hemans, Henry W. Longfellow, and now I look forward with great delight to the study of Father Ryan's Life and Works.

I think nothing that could be instituted in the school would improve our minds so much as our society. Not a member of it can help growing familiar with the writings of the best authors. Nearly all the girls are taking an active interest in the work, and the C. L. S. will be the means of accomplishing much good. *Vive la Societie!*
"MIGNON."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

May.

The merry May hath pleasant hours,
And dreamily they glide
As if they floated, like the leaves,
Upon a silver tide.
The trees are full of crimson buds,
The woods are full of birds,
And the waters flow to music
Like a tune with pleasant words.

Doctors disagree. Some say whiskey hardens the brain, others say it softens it. Meanwhile people without brains will continue right on drinking it, as it does not make an atom of difference to them—not an atom.

Mrs. Parvenu, to her daughter at a summer resort—"Laura, dew go over yonder and tell that band to play that Sympathy from Meddlejohn again. It's a great favorite of your pa's."

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a dandy to a beggar. "I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the keen retort.

Act! for in action are wisdom and glory;
Fame, immortality—these are its crown;
Would'st thou illumine the tablets of story?
Build on achievements thy doom of renown. —FROM THE GERMAN.

A recent exchange notices that if you play a violin, a goose will dance. Why, that's exemplified every time there is a ball.

The difference between a hill and a pill is that the hill is hard to get up and the pill is hard to get down.

QUERY COLUMN.

When did the first daily newspaper appear, and by whom was it edited? "CURIOUS."

The first daily newspaper in the world was published in London March, 1702. It was called the *Daily Courant*, and was edited by a woman, Elizabeth Mallet. In her salutatory she said that she had established her paper "to spare the public at least half the impertinences which the ordinary papers contain."

Who wrote "Maryland, My Maryland?
N. B. D.

James R. Randall, a Southern poet, at present editor of the *Hot Blast*, Anniston, Ala.

In reading Scott's "Lady of the Lake," I find that Ellen, the daughter of Douglas, is spoken of as "the Lady of the Bleeding Heart." Please tell me what that means?
"SCHOOL GIRL."

The Bleeding Heart is the well known cognizance of the House of Douglas. It was obtained in this wise: On the death of the Bruce in 1329, he charged the good Lord James, known as the Black Douglas, to carry his heart to the Holy Land. Douglas wept bitterly at the death of his king and dearest friend, but promised to fulfill the wish. Accordingly he set out with a large number of Scottish nobles for Palestine. When he reached Spain, he was prevailed upon by the king of that country to aid him in a war against the Moors. Douglas, who did not understand the Moorish mode of fighting, pursued the enemy too far, when suddenly they turned and surrounded the Spanish army. Douglas seeing that all was lost, threw the casket into the thickest of the fight, and rushing after it, exclaimed: "Heart of Bruce, I follow thee as I was wont, or die!" His body was found over the casket, containing the heart of his beloved friend, the brave King of Scotland. You can find the whole story in Scottish history.

I have read somewhere of what is called the "devil tree," its technical name the *Arbor Diaboli*. It is described as being a small tree with branches curved downward, on the ends of which were suckers which grasped every living thing within reach, and crushed with its naked branches living animals, their blood imparting vitality to the tree. Will you tell me whether such a tree exists?
"NATURALIST."

We have never heard of such a tree, nor can we find any account of one in the most elaborate works on botany. It is well known that there are carnivorous plants, the *Venus Fly-Trap* being an excellent example. It catches on its teeth-like leaves flies and other small insects, on which it seems to thrive. Travelers say that in parts of Central and South America, there is a tree which makes human beings its prey. This voracious member of the vegetable kingdom sends its branches down to the ground, each one of which is furnished with dagger-like teeth. The tree is apparently very harmless, and when a human being rests on its inviting branches, they rise up like serpents and entwine themselves about his body, and squeezes out every drop of the life-fluid. The Brazilians call it *Yatevro*. Notwithstanding many travelers declare to have seen this tree, we find no description of it in botany and it is not classified by naturalists. If such a tree exists, its powers have been greatly exaggerated.

Why is it dangerous to walk out in the spring? H.

We suppose it is because the leaves shoot, the grass has blades, and the flowers contain pistils.

THE CALLIOPEAN.

DURHAM, N. C., MAY, 1887.

MAIDENHOOD.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!
Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one
As the braided streamlets run!
Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!
Gazing with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!
Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.
Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?
Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?
Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar!
O thy child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands—Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!
Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.
Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered;—
Aye, the bough with snows encumbered.
Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.
Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass cannot withstand
One touch of that magic wand.
Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.
O, that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;
And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

Prominent Characters in French and English History.

ALFRED THE GREAT—A SAXON KING.

But of all of Alfred's good deeds for his countrymen, the one which has bestowed the greatest honor on his name was his building of England's first navy.

He was desirous of creating a strong naval force, in order to be better prepared for the future attacks of the Danes, whom he knew would never relinquish their claims to the country, and who completed their conquest in about a century after his death. But as his own people knew nothing about ship-building, he was compelled to engage foreign builders, and also foreign sailors, yet he lived to see the English follow commercial pursuits, and thus was the beginning of that important position, which England has always occupied on the seas.

Under his just rule the people enjoyed peace and prosperity; agriculture flourished, an impulse was given to learning, and the laws were rightly administered.

This great and good man died in the year nine hundred and one, beloved by his people, feared by his enemies, and admired by all mankind.

What a contrast King Alfred furnished to the times in which he lived! What a bright and shining light he stands amid the gloom of the Dark Ages!

He is a rare instance of a sovereign who combined in his person all the good and noble qualities of manhood, and a prince who, instead of delighting in war and bloodshed, labored to promote the happiness and welfare of his subjects; who cared not so much for the aggrandizement of his kingdoms as for the advancement of the people in civilization and intelligence. What enabled him to take such rapid steps in advance of the times? Education, that great civilizer, and knowledge which places man so far above the other animals, which makes the enlightened man able to govern his fellow man, and in a land where the people are civilized and intelligent, liberty and prosperity exists, commerce, manufacture and agriculture flourishes.

Peace is always ennobling, while war is always degrading, and an enlightened people recognize the important fact that "the pen is mightier than the sword."

King Alfred knew that education would uplift the nation, and of the many schools which he founded, the University of Oxford stands a lasting monument to his memory.

He was a good man, a wise lawgiver, a prudent legislator and a humane king. The English reverence him as a father, and in the annals of history there is no greater name than that of Alfred the Great.

II.

CANUTE THE GREAT—A DANISH KING.

After the death of good King Alfred, his kingdom became weakened on account of the inefficiency of his successor, and so in this state of things, the country became an easy prey for the Danes.

In the reign of Ethelred the Unready they became so troublesome that the king, who was so cowardly that he would not venture against them in open battle, purchased a temporary peace by paying them tribute.

But they came back every year, in larger numbers, and wanted more and more money, so that the people were heavily taxed in order to meet the demands.

A report made to the king of Denmark by one of his officers, give an account of the unhappy condition of affairs in England at this time. "A country naturally powerful; a king asleep, solicitous only about his plsasures, and trembling at the name of war; hated by his people and laughed at by strangers. Generals envious of each other, and governors ready to fly at the first shout of battle."

Still Ethelred might have saved the country from an invasion had it not been for a very wicked act which he committed. Prompted by bad counsellors, he planned a massacre of all the Danes in the kingdom. This massacre too place on the festival of St. Brice, and men, women and children were cruelly slaughtered.

Among the slain was the good and generous Gunilda, sister of Sweyn, King of Denmark.

She had looked with horror on the depredations which her countrymen perpetrated on English soil, and had gone to England as an ambassador of peace, which mainly through her efforts was maintained at all.

When the assassins approached her, she represented to them the dangers which would fall upon their heads, for she knew that her brother, when he heard of the massacre of his people, would never lay his sword aside until he had wreaked full vengeance upon every Saxon who had taken part in it.

Never was prophecy better fulfilled, for as soon as Sweyn learned what was done, he raised an army, transported it to the English coast, and commenced the work of vengeance.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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THE CALLIOPEAN.

DURHAM, N. C., MAY, 1887.

—Subscribe to THE CALLIOPEAN.

—Warm and dry. We hope it will be *very dry* after June 6th.

—We have received several letters for the Letter-Box. Let them come in.

—Rev. W. S. Creasy, chaplain of the D. L. I., went to Pittsboro with the company.

—A certain young lady says she is now boy-cotted, whereas she used to be boy-*court-d*.

—The schools will soon close now, except one. We shall stay there until the 13th of June.

—We are glad to state that Miss Maggie Lunsford, who has had the measles, is now well.

—The third Sunday in May was observed as Children's Day throughout the M. E. Church, South.

—After a delightful visit of two weeks in the country, Miss Maud Harton has returned to school.

—Misses Lula Lyon and Mamie Smith will go to Washington, D. C., Saturday, to be present at the National drill.

—Mrs. T. G. Cozart, the teacher of the primary department, who has been sick, has returned to school, much to the delight of us all.

—Our clever editor, Miss Lucy Atwater, has resigned the office, and we are sorry to learn that she will not come back to school again this session.

—The Durham Light Infantry and band went to Pittsboro last Friday. A number of citizens accompanied them. They report an "immense" time.

—We regret to hear of the illness of our efficient secretary, Miss Ada Lunsford, and her sister Miss Lelia. They are better now; we hope that they may soon recover.

—Last month the C. L. S. studied Longfellow's works. Some of his best poems were read, and a sketch of his life by Miss Bettie Creasy, which we give in another column.

—We wish to inform young ladies not connected with our school, that they may become members of the C. L. S. by presenting themselves before us. Our initiation fee is twenty-five cents.

—We have some very interesting letters from the boys and girls this month. The Letter-Box promises to afford much entertainment to the young people. They will find it very profitable to them to write to it.

—The exhibition at the close of the Graded school will be held in Stokes Hall Tuesday night. Wednesday will be commencement day. Miss Rachel Sims will read the salutatory and Miss Nellie Fuller the valedictory.

—Our canvassers are Misses Maggie Lunsford, Bettie Creasy, Hallie Walker, Maggie Parrish and the Local Editor. We tell their names because they cannot get around to every place; and if any one wishes to take the paper they can give their names to the canvassers whenever they see them.

—Monday night of the 9th inst., a terrific storm swept over the city. Many trees along the suburbs of the town were struck by lightning, and also the factory of Messrs. Corbett, Burch & Co., which was burned to the ground. The black clouds and the burning house presented a grand appearance to the lookers-on.

Pink Tea Party.

The Pink Tea Party was a decided success. The boys and girls enjoyed themselves, and ate ice-cream and strawberries for the benefit of the church. The ladies deserve credit for the taste displayed. They realized the nice sum of $75.

Officers Elected.

Last month the following members were elected officers of the C. L. S. for this quarter:

President—Miss Lillie I. Duke.
Vice-President—Miss Lizzie Burch
Secretary—Miss Ada Lunsford.
Treasurer—Miss Hortense Saunders.
Critic—Miss Alta B. Cozart.
Censor—Miss Annie Peay.
Librarian—Miss Hallie Walker.

Our Advertisers.

Messrs. Dike & Patterson offer elegant books at low prices.

Mr. S. R. Perry sets out the advantages of his well selected stock of groceries.

Mr. Chas. Robbins' beautiful stock of dry goods is very attractive. Give him a call.

Capt. J. F. Freeland has enlarged his business since he has moved to Main street. Read his advertisement.

Messrs. Ellis & Muse, under Stokes Hall, have everything that the girls and ladies need.

The Calliopean Changes Hands.

On the resignation of our former editor-in-chief, Miss Lucy Atwater, we were compelled to change. Our business manager was elected editor, and our local editor is now business manager. Miss Lizzie Burch was elected local editor. In addition to this we have four copyists and two reporters; lots of folks to carry on such a little paper. But we beg our readers to remember that we are only school girls, young in years and in experience, and we hope that by alloting to each member a portion of the work, with our combined efforts we may make THE CALLIOPEAN a success.

We hope our readers will like the change, although Miss Atwater's many friends will regret to hear of her resignation.

News Items.

—Hon. Kemp P. Battle, L. L. D., will deliver the address at the commencement of the Shelby High School.

—We have received a copy of the *Colporteur*, edited by Rev. P. L. Groome of Greensboro. We wish it much success.

—May 6th, a cyclone passed over a part of Person county, unroofing houses, blowing down trees and fences, and doing much damage to orchards.

—Hon. W. E. Cameron, ex-Governor of Virginia, will deliver the address before the Jefferson Literary Society, at the commencement exercises of the Davis School at La Grange, which will take place June 8th.

—A severe shock of earthquake occurred on the 3d instant, throughout the southwestern portion of the United States and extended into Mexico. Several villages were destroyed and many persons killed. At the time of the shock, a volcano burst forth in the Sierra Madre Mountains, and its eruptions destroyed all timber and pastures of the adjoining valleys. There is a wide-spread volcanic action from one end of Mexico to the other.

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